duets or quartettes. The hymns were all stately, but I must confess that they were all new to me, and I could neither sing nor make a joyful noise.

3. After the benediction all the people sat down and bowed their heads in silent prayer. Then they quietly went out, while the organ played softly. I liked that. In our churches where there is a pipe organ, just the moment the benediction is pronounced the organist turns on the full organ and the people go out in more or less confusion trying to speak to each other above the roar of the organ. A few months ago I requested my organist in the future to play softly some sweet old hymn as the people go out. I am afraid that my reputation for musical taste has been below par ever since. I was comforted to find that I have good support for my ideas in the land of Scotland.

4. The minister sat quietly in the pulpit while the people were retiring and then went into the vestry. If any one wanted to speak to him about the deeper things of life, there was a welcome for him in the vestry. Perhaps this is going a little too far for us in America, but I do believe it is preferable to the minister's turning a double somersault to get to the front door and there to shake hands right and left without ever saying a satisfactory word to anybody.

5. There is one other point that I mention with some trepidation. The women wore hats that were becoming, and seemly in the house of God. I saw no cartwheels or inverted tubs. We are told in the biography of John Calvin that he disciplined two women for the kind of head-gear they wore to church. I wonder what he would do if he were living in America in this twentieth century? I suspect that some men who have been trying to catch a glimpse of the preacher from behind one of these modern monstrosities for lo, these many months, wish that he were alive. I want to commend the example of these good Scotch women to all those who are now thinking about the purchase of their fall millinery.

I was disappointed Sunday afternoon. The papers said that Dr. McGregor would preach in St. Giles', at half-past three, but that was a mistake. When I went over, St. Giles' was closed tight and fast, and there was no service of any kind. Fortunately, I had attended a sweet service there on Saturday afternoon, and got an idea of what it is like. I also went back on Monday morning with my friends and went all through the church. St. Giles' is noted especially as the church in which John Knox preached, and as the place where Jennie Geddes threw the stool at the head of Dean Hanna in 1637 for attempting to read Archbishop Laud's liturgy. By the way, I saw the stool in one of the museums, and it was a dangerous looking weapon. St. Giles' is a very old church, even for Scotland, where a thing must be four or five hundred years old, even to be worthy of honorable mention. It has been in turn a Catholic Church, an Episcopal Church, and a Presbyterian Church, as Scotland has changed her State religion. Of course, it now belongs to the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

In the evening I carried out my program and went to Charlotte Baptist Chapel, Rev. Joseph Kemp, pastor. It is a semi-mission church. The building was packed from top to bottom. They sang a great deal and sang the gospel hymns. I have not heard such soul-stirring singing in a long time. My day had come. It was the first time I had had an opportunity to sing since I put my foot on British soil. The sermon was not above the ordinary, but was very fervent and centered in the Cross. As soon as the benediction was pronounced the whole congregation marched out in a body, and held a great open-air service. Mr. Kemp and his people are doing a wonderful mission work. We need to do more of that same kind of work in our American cities.

There are many other points of interest that I might note in connection with my observations in Edinburgh. At the risk of prolonging my letter I will mention one or two of these. I want to say a word about "The Royal Mile." Edinburgh is divided into two distinct parts by what used to be a ravine, but what is now a beautiful park, full of beautiful flower gardens. On the north side of this park is new Edinburgh, which is only a hundred years old. On the south side is old Edinburgh. All the old historical landmarks, of course, are in the old part of the city. There is the castle on the highest summit in Edinburgh. The men who built the old castles of England and Scotland had fine eyes for choosing sites. These sites were almost impregnable by nature before the castles were built. There is a street leading by a gradual descent from the castle to Holyrood Palace, the palace made famous by Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley, and the palace in which the king still stays when he visits Edinburgh. That street is just a mile long. It is called "The Royal Mile," being the street along which the royalty passed from the palace to the castle. It takes only a little imagination to picture what that street has been in the days gone by. But no amount of imagination can picture it as it is today. I have never seen such poverty and squalor. I walked the whole length of the street when I went to St. Giles' on Sunday afternoon. I drove it with my friends on Monday morning. It is swarming with little children who are clothed in rags and dirt. The little boys rolled after our cab on their hands and feet like a cart wheel, hoping to attract our attention and thereby get a penny. With a pocketful of pennies we could have transformed the whole street into a street of living wheels. Little fellows not more than five years old could roll along in a marvelous way. The pathos of it all made it difficult to keep back the tears. What can be the cause of such poverty? I could see but one answer—it is strong drink. There are saloons and wine shops everywhere in that part of the city. I came away from that Royal Mile a better teetotaler and a better prohibitionist than I have ever been before.

I know that these are but the casual observations of a casual observer written in haste. I know how easy it is to make such observations. Every now and then some theorist from north of the Mason and Dixon line gets into a Pullman car and swings a circle of a few days in the Southland, and then goes home and points out all our faults and solves the problems with which we have been wrestling for decades.

John Knox's house is on "The Royal Mile," about half-way between the castle and the palace. He was